

adam jan kaufmann

'weltbad zoppot': a marinistic poem



*The show starts now! With seashore winter songs.
They are space rock so heavy
nobody ever heard it.*

GAMMA GAMMA RAY OF TOT

Ray of death
Ray of death
Ray of death
Ray of death

Ray of love aimed at your head
At your head
In your head
In your head
In your head

Invisible red light of death
Invisible ray of death
Ray of death
Volcanic breath
Smiles at you in a signal of death
In your head

Eyes that burn with ancient fire
Awaken gods of deadly desires
Death death ray of death
Ray of death damages your head
Infiltrates your head
Makes your neurons glad
Sickly glad, ray of death

We are dead

Ray of the dead
Ray of the dead
Ray of the dead
Ray of the dead

I see right through you
I see right through
I see right through you
And you're not smooth

Ray of death
Ray of death
Ray of death
Ray of death

FUNKSIGNAL

Worried about the time today
Seems like the space went astray
Just like on the day of Big-Bang
The only thing I heard were the words she sang
She sang:
Love me baby
Love me baby
Love me baby
The birth of everything

HALLUCINATE INTO NARCOTIC

Organ music in the church
Lazy freak out on the porch
Who's the god that watches down
On this burning earthly torch
And who's holding it erect
In the face of mother space
What's the sun that glows upon us
What's our star in cosmic maze

Are we ready
To hallucinate
Into narcotic
Are we ready
To recalculate
Divisions of neurotic
Robots tearing down
Philosopher's gown

GAMMA STRAHLEN

One blast and baby it's over
No embryo can stand the heat
No atmosphere can rebel against them
No planet can keep its seat
No prophet can read in the night sky
What's coming from the other end
Of a comfortable and easy going cosmos
Turns our forests into beaches again

Yes we might be growing again
On a post-nuclear soil of years
Yes we can travel with the spirit of man
To barren desolated galaxies

Beware
Gamma strahlen

NEUROTISCH KRAFT

Screaming loneliness, yawning emptiness
Boom, the Earth explodes
Make room for cosmic ghosts
Where's the source of power
Kill this empty hour
Don't you be a coward
When we call on you
We rely on you
You're the only truth we know
Into the void we go

Hunting for your kind, glowing human mind
Boom, the cosmos shakes
No room for more mistakes
All politicians dead, priests and poets too
They were here too long
Outside the door of truth
Where's the source of life
Fill this empty night
Release yourself from fright

When the void is near
And it's crystal clear
Don't you feel no fear
When it devours you
Feeling like a laugh, losing light in death
Boom, your life is done
In the tired sun

DAWN UPON A GLACIER

A fly is buzzing so loud
It sounds like a bomber
And roaches crawl on walls
Like it's their world
Someone had an easy way
Of telling
What's before the mirror
Of his void

Dancer on a rope your tale is showing
Mightier pasts than ours one carved way
In the stones of Baalbek and Yucatan
Bearded white man came to teach the natives how to pray

But they knew it from the start
And they loved life from the start
And they faded just like dawn upon a glacier

LOCOMOTIV

It's a driving force behind you
And it's never gonna bind you
And they'll never gonna find you
On those tracks

It's got no chains or strings
And its thrust gonna make you sing
It's like having angelic wings
Stolen back

Stolen back
Repainted black
Stolen back
Repainted black

It will drive you back in time
And it never will decline
When you pay it any mind
It attacks

And you hear its mighty horns
It's like Jericho reborn
And your shirt is never torn
Upon your back

Upon your back
There's no lack
Upon your back
No, there's no lack

You believe in one good power in your heart
And you've got it once this pump is mechanized
And you trust it when a newer model fades
Into rusty polished locomotive graves

You believe in one good reason in your soul
And you've got it when you paint your model gold
But the horses that were here before the rain
Of mechanic driven forces roam the drain

So there's still one thing this world has got to do
And it's free the driving surface from old glue
That keeps sticking to those pioneers of love
Like a chewing gum to the engine driven stove

INTO THE ELECTRIC

Chaos brought this life into your body
The most sophisticated force there is
Complicated essence of creation
Simple taste of one confusing kiss

Into the electric fields
Into the electric stream
Out of the acoustic void
Into the electric dream

Silence on the day the world has started
Human noise all over starry fields
Filling up the meadows and the mountains
Driving up celestial highway streams

Into the electric fields
Into the electric stream
Out of the acoustic void
Into the electric dream

Dreams you weren't dreaming
Sights you never saw
Life you weren't living
Bliss you'll never know
Roads you weren't driving
Words you never spoke
Wars you weren't fighting
Steel that turned to smoke

CELESTIAL FOAM

Celestial warning
Heard in the farthest corners
Darkest chambers of hell
Called heaven in this universe
Ancestral morning
Radars covered with weeds
Man satisfying his needs
Forgetting the planet

Is this where we were
Originally headed for
Is this the apogee, so called highest point?
Dig deeper in the dirt
And read inscripted stones
For they might hold the key to our
Existence in space and beyond
Our foamy bones and homes

PSYCHOMOTORISCH KLANG

It's all in the fingers
It's all in the brain
We're all very different
We're really the same
Oh why can't we build
Communes in the sky
Why can't we blow
Balloons from our eyes

Moon shines behind me
A lonely dog howls
I'm tired of the human form
Complete with its flaws
It's all in our memory
What neurons move on
I'm watching the sunset
But living the dawn

And nobody rules me, except mother space
Her void is my womb and I'm born everywhere
It's like I invented the universe too
Singing and being the song you all knew

Moon shines behind me
A lonely fog crawls
I'm sick of being human
Complete with the flaws
It's all in our memory
What neurons move on
I'm watching the sunset
But living the dawn

We're in it together
One rhythm, one love
Let's build our utopias
In heavens above

Inward precision of doctor incision carefully groining for boarding decision
plane late, 3 pound refund,
go suck yourself

fairytale dead
fish is the
grain
is the leaf
leaft
galactic
factic, amazed lashes of stars, circling round cars circling round wars
that ore boats
fish is the
strain
Holly holy Holly
dressing up for fun – love, that's inspira
tion
lotion
perfection – flesh lip taste Martini, lip gloss
Fellini

grasshopper string on crossed
out sky in fly the flies the skies the fries
you devour with burgers howling like turd voids
you entered mistakenly
choosing
fair
fair Lady! Save me! Fair
baby

„Oh, I'm surry, I ran out of Swastikas, come Monday!”

making love on the ashes of our
fathers
grandfathers
grandgrandfathers
those ashes our make up, fakirs
of hack
new
electronic
sex

I ordered sun razor, raw, what did you get baby?
A pint of supermodel
rib

where were the sitar raga orchestras in the mountains, and who
has heard
echo?

that's nice, what's up?
Coffee cup

Poet green
magic
bay
poet
who's singing dove fault trails
on surf home
that's bound
Atlantis – where will he find that ship he's supposed to
unsail
America
with?

Barely can unsail Zoppot
rich Germans ice-creaming
Pomerania
in 2000, funding herds of sky
for seagull hunting goddesses
of opal

with
America
unsail?

They just push the product
they believe in, that it will die
and become famous
to their profit
or crash it on bikes, or drown it in pools
same shit really
and
boring

pipes, peace pipes, drug pipes, rich pipes
ice-creaming
Pomerania on Germans
hitching the soldier field, the XIth century church
their emperor never paid for (bunker
just opposite the street, howling
blood after 1939 – and the voyeur
betrayal of
dogs)

Frenchmen not allowed!
Screams the hot sign over second-hand fashion
barn
selling postcards, cheap cassettes, books, and
records
too

„too to
too”
goes the latest hit

The Lighthouse Keeper

The lighthouse keeper dines alone
Cannot stand the breeze
The coolness of her stone
The seagulls in flight
The keeper's outside
Forced to enjoy the ride

The lighthouse keeper keeps the lights down low
Ships come crashing, ships come sailing
Yards below
The coolness of her stone
Some sandpits of time
Where the lighthouse keeper dines

The lighthouse keeper sleeps alone
On nights like pearls, where seagulls call
Their cirrus black, their moonlight gray
Into bedsides built of sand
Where the keeper waits

The Lighthouse's Asleep

The lighthouse is sleeping
At seagull's broken wing
The seagull's asleep at the lighthouse's door
Very deep
And the light keeps scanning for life and form
Though it all has been broken such a long time ago
Like the seagull's wing
And the lighthouse's song

The lighthouse is sleeping
Like the driver's asleep at the wheel
The jury's that's been settled
Like those good guys who never win
The light keeps scanning for more than just grains of sand
But nothing is there
Can't you see everybody pretends?
Like the seagull's wing
And the lighthouse's den

The lighthouse's asleep in the summer
Asleep in the dim winter ground
Painted like winds on a dead piece of rock
Or shells for your lullabies
Yeah, shells for your last lullabies

shiver window
buys
„Lord of the Ages”
cracks

it stole the dye of my woman's eyes
while workers
broke their backs
protesting, soldiers died fighting rich wars

dawn works dawn corks
bottle
night cloud thought
of cloud thought night
in dawn corks work shrouds
bottle

sea is chalice
you drink for, so lady look out
it's easy to drink
too much, to dance from

sea turns island turns mountain
turns heads

zink long
flashes
on
ships, aye!

no more seagulls – why?
prefer
siren songs
anyway

you wouldn't believe those stone calls
wrong ports
either

the idea is old in cold breeze turning hot turning vacuum
turning
you

climatic fan is lie
is fan of climatic
lies
fragments the door
you opened

the girl I married sleeping
on a
razor

cabaret Liedermacher time!
Don't forget your fishnet stockings, and
corsets, please!

Meet your sanity inspector
Got his black telescope
Met your personal doctor
Got his white stethoscope
You blue crazy captain
In this Desert Island world
Revolution's manifesto
Car alarms and broken homes

The machine of your dreams
Dancing heartache
Yeah, machine of your love
Circling avalanche

Mindless pursues thru these sands
Yeah, the Desert Island world
We got out of your hand
The cannibal horn
Hear a clean chrome roar
Yeah, our brothers already marching
Down your white trash road

The machines of your dreams
Dancing heartaches
The machine...
distorted Christ
Blue skies on paper weather
Your eyebrows melt together
Distant birds of the waves
Angels on shore, against the shore descent...

heart probe
exits space
drags the body down
where Neptune blocks
house guests

visitors
from Pluto

they say it's colder in Russia
and latest visage
is awful

fashion pissed me off
daring
sharing
caring for the window widow standing in the meadow
big bang sky

she laughs watching photos
from latest
dark shoot
dark, cause Africa's coming
back where
time forgot it

skin deep wave skins deep wave
bangs
ortographic
ding

blood totems blink
lantern grey horizon

was it a thing?
back then, in swimming
coma
waiting
death of kingdom

rhyme
clock
bright vodka sand
current
invisible
pass

me the sky
grit
to cancel
the dawn
we're not gonna need it

gloomy doomy looney tooney
was
impossible to play
VCR got stuck
on corn
snow popcorn

My only problem is trying
to write like that A.J.
Kaufmann fellow and
it ain't
easy

everything is real, nothing
is
permitted:

bother only
in case of
apocalypse/

dusk bicycling
Europa
writing

"The Consequence of Fury, or How I Stopped Worrying and Married a Model"
I cancelled
the doll
bang-boom

How to survive today's madness? Get bored
quickly. Repeat until you'
re bored with boredom

You have reached the end of this conversation.
Would you like to rewind to beginning?

It's the bottom of the night!
How find us?
Us?
Night?
Bottom?

Better drug your eye
before you ear
your dryer.

Bombastic flesh
of fashion
dresses your sofa
shrinks

(If you question poetry, dear, better look out, it almost always answers)

nighttime storytelling time, kids!
Grab your mothers
tight
and confess to father
Baalphonso!

We have teeth that long to bite you
We have death to decorate you
Oh to crown you with your heart
Suck up sum total of the air in your lungs
And feast, feast upon your eyes
What a joy... what a dirty joy ride

Eat your tongue to rarities, peacocks
Your flesh so tender, young
We leave no bones – no human scraps
Our jaws your Kingdom Come
A feast on your corpse, man
A feast on your time

We come out at moonrise
Gardens of the lord
White Wolf of the steppes
Great White Wolf howls
He always gets the best part
The White Wolf of the steppes
He gets what you've been hunting for
such a long, long winter past

And we, the bloody dogs
Get the corpse remains
Even if there's nothing left
The hunger stays the same

Sober airplane trip to Nepal,
that's far, star!
Have a Snickers bar?

Oh, ads in brain tissue were accidentally
cut out, how does that peg
you, Meg?

Is it funky shambles shanty of Baltic
or Baltic shambles of Nepal shanty, fanty
and an Irish lottery where I
won myself a
wife, knife, bar fight
star fright, star, that's far!

Word executioner cushions the fashion pillow
real
Ow!

That's the willow of the shallow thrill-all
spill-all
pearls that spared the wine, fine!
Rhyme is only
rain

Yes, sun.

Stop interfering with my frequency, you lousy
cat, or I whip out all your
pets

this is meditation zone
no whiteys allowed, look at the sun
your sun, my sun
death, death sun death sun
ice-cream fun in convertibles
while fields are dying of
laughter?
Question Mysterian Mark and stuff, the
American
bluff.

Sorry, sea in winter is filthier, and once you see it,
you be it
live with waves is no ideal, be a wave
is sucker's deal
so I lick her pussy all night long
and forget
what's wrong

then Kali calls, and says: more ships, ashes
and lotion
you're not good enough,
baby!

*The show ends now with more seashore space
rock shanty
fanty
toones.*

We hope you enjoyed the show

VOYAGE IN CID

Phallic robot teachers guns that shot with suns
Armageddon preachers sniffing plastic yellow lines
Mechanical entries talking with creators' duck
Whip the scenery with chaos, hallucinate bluff
Stars are all around me saying this is your day
Synchronated microtones repeat what they say
Lines electricity electric city line
People gather flowers in the name of a crime
Taste the leaf of love growing on a honey tree
If you can't take that leaf you can never take me

Enter space with narcotic finders of strange birds
Following them on they melt into your slumber dreams
Synchronize me with your mind let our lungs breathe one
Love is floating in the sleepy area of the sun
Lifts can take you high up to the last floor
But if you want Eden I'll show you the door
Sweat smells ice-cream in the following sleep
Wake up into mushrooms never slept so deep

Visions all around you gather them together
Never, oh but never baby never say never
Drop the pill jump into milk-sea take a psycho-bath
Washed by machinery-servants in a golden nest
Take you really high unto the community of one
Living working here together always having fun
Life is short and there's no god upon your tired head
So find a god deep inside your undiscovered self
Rise up to the Buddha shower him with love
Just material signs of one inner soul
Pumping universes with high energy source
Like a heart made of dwarfs and a black hole

ASTRAL WALKER

If your moon's the gate to space travel
Then I've been there some thousands years ago
And I ain't seen your rockets pointing up, man
I ain't seen your holy way to go
Far beyond this level you call god here

Lies the astral cradle of us all
There your god still walks among his gardens
While you read his books and bend before the law
Here on Earth they call me astral walker
I'm the keeper of life's mysteries
Build a spaceship first, then we'll talk freely
Of your kind's and love's abilities

ZETA FIVE

Drifting a million light years from home
Watching an alien sunrise over fields of gigantic bones
Catching a perfect view of a white deserted beach
Polished by the winds of time, put to endless sleep

Zeta Five, we're beginning where we ended
Zeta Five, we always keep returning here
And the values our fathers once defended
Are safe and far from shadows, in your sphere

There lies the answer to all earthly secrets
Questions never asked were born too late
I appreciate this system's hospitality
But there's something weird in how easy we put our fate

In the hands of machines on Zeta Five
|And museums of its underwater past
Where the bones of naval giants were exhumed
Have you found the proper source of human race

Futile words were said in future cities
Can't you hear the giants coming back
First the heaviest planets will explode
Then the red dwarf will shine behind our back

Zeta Five, this is the last transmission
Zeta Five, we can feel your system burn
And a mighty alien force needs no permission
To enter your sun's orbit and make it turn

MOTOSOUL

Iron lids are falling, people taking cover
Everywhere the deadly wizard walks
Some people grab their guns, others grab their lovers
In the wake of the coming of motosoul

All the cans are falling from supermarket shelves
Turns out it's fast food that rules the globe
Some people send their checks to continents of hunger
In the wake of the coming of motosoul

And it's my invention that makes them run like hell
Yes it's my intention to blast those people back
Into stone age districts of caves they dwelled before
Show them all the power of an angry motosoul

TECHNICAL ARCHANGEL

I'm flying
Inner eye
Indu eye
Milk skies
Shore of ice
Yeti lullaby

Name
Is a strange...
...name
To Eden
I'm flying
Inner eye
Keeps crying

I'm made of steel
I fly
My brain
Passed me by
Halo rainbow
Spreads
Above your heads

You're an archangel
Archangel
Archangel
Archangel
Archangel

ARCHAEOPTERYX

Future skies behold the recent wonder
Future man beware the falling claw
Something's coming back to see the planet
It has left a mythic time ago

Neolithic tribes who've just invented
Weapons to protect their lives and land
Dinosauric seeds are sent from deep space
History mixes names and age again

Purging with the white flame of creation
Downhill slide of brave destruction paths
It has never seen the dawn of mankind

Cosmic seed aware of deadly rays

From a dying star there comes a message
From a dying star life starts anew

YEAH YOU

Woke up early smoke a cigarette
Work around the corner eight hours a day
While the sun is shining, flowers in bloom
You sit behind your desk waiting for a schizo-doom
It's you who's got the money
The money
And it's you without a life

Woke up late it's Sunday baby time to have some fun
Call your friends and drink a beer and walking pretty drunk
You think that's the kind of life that everyone would like to have
But you can be sure, my baby, you're already dead
It's you who's got the money
The money
And it's you without a life

Older and older just waiting for death
My idea goes like this: use your every breath
C'mon do something just for yourself
You're the most important person in entire world

because he could never finish it
